

# The Hillsborough Recorder.

C. N. B. & T. C. EVANS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

New Series—Vol. 3. No. 83—

WE KNEEL TO NONE BUT GOD.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., AUGUST 23, 1871.

TERMS—\$2.50 A YEAR, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

—Old Series, Vol. 51

## Crockery, Glassware &c.

KELLOGG & GIBSON,

IMPORTERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

DEALERS IN

China, Glass, Earthenware

AND HOUSE

FURNISHING GOODS

We have now in store of our own importation, and purchased direct from the manufacturers, the largest and most complete stock of Goods in our line that has been offered in this city since the war. Rich Decorated, Gold Band and White French China, Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Fine Cut, Pressed and Common Glassware, Lamps and Fixtures, Looking Glasses, Silver-Plated Goods of best quality, Fine Table Cutlery, Block Tin and Japanese Ware, Patent Ice Pickers, Fruit Jars, Stoneware, at manufacturers' prices, &c., with every variety of Common Goods, suitable for the country trade. We guarantee to sell goods as low as they are sold by any respectable house in this country. Country dealers will save money by giving us their orders. Before you purchase call and see.

KELLOGG & GIBSON,  
Oct 12 6m. 1207 Main St., Richmond, Va.

**WANTED!**

**DRIED FRUIT!**

ONE AND A HALF LBS. OF

APPLES,

PEACHES,

CHERRIES,

BLACKBERRIES

Will Buy.

**ONE POUND OF**

**BACON.**

Damsons: When would Dried Berries

bring more?

Plums.

June 12, 1871.

HENRY N. BROWN.

ROBERT STARR & CO. Sufferers in Tin boxes.

papers or bladders of all sizes; also tin clasp

Tobacco.

Just received fresh Sugar (Cane), Tea, Cakes, Lemon

Pie-cakes, and Soda Crackers.

april 19 J. R. GATTIS

**MRS. OETTINGER,**

**FASHIONABLE MILLINER**

and dealer in

BONNETS, HATS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, ORNAMENTS

No. 45, Fayetteville Street,

RALEIGH, N. C.

EVERY thing usually found in a first-class Mill-

inery Establishment constantly on hand.

Orders from a distance will receive prompt

attention. Oct 22 40 47

TO BE FOUND AT

**O. Hooker's Drug Store.**

To be found at O. Hooker's Drug Store.

Peruvian Bark,

Hostetter's Bitters,

Vininger Bitters,

Baking Powders,

Gelatin Chlorate of Potassium Tablets,

(for sore throat and mouth)

Carbolic Salve,

(for wounds or sores of skin),

Drugs, Ointments,

Tutti's, Doan's & Allen's

Pills, Doan's & Allen's

most deservedly popular remedy. A full supply

of all other Drugs. O. HOOKER.

—June 1st

JOHN WILSON, P. L. WALKER.

**WILSON'S**

**WAREHOUSE.**

MILTON, N. C.

We announce to the planters of

Orange, Alamance, Granville, Person and

Camden,

and the adjoining counties, that this house is still

open, with superior facilities for selling Tobacco.

As it has been enlarged to double its former

size, with good accommodations, and has now the

largest and best arranged Salesroom in Milton.

With LARGE SKY LIGHTS.

Wagons loaded up in the Warehouse at

night. All we ask is a trial.

May 9, 1871. WILSON & WALKER.

SELECT

**Boarding & Day School.**

HILLSBORO N. C.

THE Misses Nash & Miss Kollock will resume

the exercises of their School on Friday the

31st July, 1871, and close 7th December twenty

weeks. Circulars forwarded on application.

June 25 2m.

**DENTAL NOTICE!**

**DR. D. A. ROBERTSON,**

WOULD respectfully return his

thanks to the citizens of Orange county for

their liberal patronage for the last 13 years.

He can always be found at his Office op-

posite Dr. E. Strickland's, except when

professionally absent.

He will visit Chapel Hill the first and third Mondays

in each month.

Feb. 18

**WANTED,**

10,000 feet Box Plank—white, post, red &

black Oak.

Oct 28 J. Y. WHITTED

**CASH---CASH.**

Cash paid for Dried Fruit Flour & Wheat

HAVE just received a fresh stock of GOODS

and will be adding to it weekly during the

summer. Come and look.

JAS WEBB.

Aug 1, 1871.

## Evans' Improved Farmer's Adjusting PLOW.

I may possibly be mistaken, but I am impressed with the belief that Farmers will find this Plow the best they ever hitched a horse to, and if horses could choose Plows for themselves they would prefer this to any other now in use. And why? Because it runs light to the stock and does not tire the horse like the common run of Plows. Though strong enough to last an age, in any soil you may insert it, a small boy can manage it easily. The handles can be lowered or elevated to suit the ploughman. It is a great saving of Power—its use, as one point can be used with it only an inch long to plow almost any depth you want. It is a subsoiler or cultivator, as you may desire, and is unsurpassed for the culture of cotton, tobacco and corn. But I prefer to let Farmers who have tried my Plow speak of it, and I therefore annex the following certificate given me by gentlemen who are among the best Farmers in the State of Georgia—I might fill a whole column with names to this certificate, but it is deemed unnecessary.

We, the undersigned, have used Evans' Improved Farmer's Adjusting Plow, and testify that they beat any Plow now in use. You can run from one and a half to five inches deep with one horse, without the least difficulty; can use any common Plow-Hoe on them from a Subsoil to a Scraper. The EVANS' PLOW is the only genuine Adjusting Plow in the United States. For running around Corn and Cotton in the Southern States, they are unsurpassed, and you can break up your hands with them and then cultivate any depth you may want, with any kind of a Plow-Hoe. The Plow was patented Sept. 24th, 1867, but never presented to the public until recently. Farmers will do well to adopt them, as their use is almost equal to fertilizing. They run light to the stock and are easy to manage.

F. C. Callier, S. W. Thornton, W. C. Campbell, Geo. W. Evans, A. B. Harvard, Isaac Chesney, J. D. Woodall, W. S. Collins, W. C. Curantion, D. B. Brunster, M. D. W. C. Morse, R. E. Love, W. B. Brooks, John Carrol, W. K. Clay, Robert Brooks, T. D. Ferguson, John Cameron, G. H. Ferguson, T. L. Patrick, A. L. Adee, M. D.

Talbot County, Ga., 1870. I wish to introduce this Plow into North Carolina. I am inclined to think the Farmers would prefer it to any other Plow now in use; it is esteemed here the best Plow that ever broke ground in the South. It is a great saving of Power, and it will sell right by the County or State; or will entertain propositions from responsible Plow-makers to act as Agents, though I prefer selling them the right to manufacture for such counties as they may designate. A sample of the Plow may be seen at the "Recorder" Office, in Hillsborough, N. C. Address

J. D. EVANS,

Pleasant Hill, Ga.

**OTTO SALZMAN,**

**WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELER,**

MILTON, N. C.

REPAIRING of fine Watch-

es, Clocks and Jewelry "a

Specialty."

Attends the Courts of Caswell and Person

counties, N. C., also Halifax, Va., and am pre-

pared to do all work in my line.

REPAIRS BY PERMISSION TO

Hons. John Kerr, & S. P. Hill, Caswell, co. N. C.

John W. Cunningham, Esq., Person county.

Thos. Owen, Esq., and Hon. W. L. Owen, Hal-

fax, Va. april 10-17.

**COMING, TO-MORROW!**

**WILL OPEN**

**TO-NIGHT**

**40 Pieces New Calico,**

A FULL and handsome assortment of Dress

Goods, Grenadines, Berries, Challies, Al-

lances, Muffs, Lavars, &c., and other desirable

Goods. See Brick Store.

C. M. PARKER.

May 16

**WATSON'S**

**NEW GALLERY!**

East-side Fayetteville Street,

RALEIGH, N. C.

IS now open for the reception of customers and

visitors. Call and see the many beautiful spec-

imens of art which adorn this spacious establish-

ment, where the very best

**Photographs**

are made at reasonable prices. Old Daguerre-

types copied and enlarged and colored to Nature.

Frames, Cases, Albums &c., always on hand.

When you visit Raleigh do not fail to call and see

my Photographs. Halls, two doors above Tucker

Hall, March

J. N. WATSON.

TO THE PEOPLE OF N. CAROLINA.

**J. C. ENRIGHT,**

**MERCHANT**

**TAILOR,**

DANVILLE, VA.

HAVING established a first-class Merchant

Tailoring Establishment in Danville, I will

keep constantly on hand all the latest and most

Fashionable styles of French, English and Ameri-

can Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, which I will

make up in the very latest style.

I employ only the best workmen and warrant

all work well done. When you come to Dan-

ville call and see me, opposite Dr. Cole's Drug

Store.

June

**FARMERS** wanting the

**FATT PLOW** can be sup-

plied by applying to me. I am

also selling the Greensboro' and

ALEX. DICKSON'S

Monitor PLOW.

March: \$2371.

**CALLUM'S Eye Water**

is recommended by all Physicians.

## LIFE IN THE RING.

Circus Riders and how they Live—Night Travel and Day Work—All about Trick Horses and Jumping, &c.

'Well, it's a pretty hard life at first, but after you get used to it all goes easy enough.' The speaker was Orlando Henry Harrison, 'the dashing rider of the plains,' and 'unsurpassable hurdle leaper,' as he was described in the *corporation's flaming posters* liberally distributed throughout the village. I had just been introduced to him in the office of the local newspaper, his particular business of the moment being to 'dead head' the editor and his family.

'Yes, but the getting used to it cannot be very agreeable.'

'It isn't so hard as you think. Them big pads we stand on aint much trouble. Walk over to the tent with me, and I'll tell you about it.'

My meeting him in the newspaper sanctum—as country editors invariably style that part of the common room occupied by their desk—had given me a kind of privileged character in his eyes, and he consequently interposed no objection between me and the secrets of what I may call his trade.

We walked together along the single street. Mr. Harrison an object of admiring attention slightly tintured with awe to the juvenile rural mind, and at length came to the tent standing in the center of a large open lot—hired for the day. It was constructed in the usual style, of canvas, kept in place by poles, with a top of the same material, whose middle was affixed to the summit of the tall centerpole. Over all floated the American flag. Near by the small tents devoted to 'side shows' were rapidly erecting; and already the peasant and cheap sight-seers were in position. The benevolent gentleman who gives every one a spin at his golden arrow with the chance of leaving whatever it stops at for the disgracefully insignificant sum of five cents, was busily occupied in patting up his booth and displaying his enticing wares.

Entering the tent we found a number of men engaged in arranging the foundations for the amphitheater of seats, while in the center of the inclosure a slight circular bar, riddled with turf, with stakes and a circular rope on top, showed the ring.

'You seem to have a good many hands here; I count twenty men fixing the seats.'

'Most of them belong to the company; but in every village or town we come to we always engage a few of the loafers to help in fixing things. They'll do pretty much all we want for a couple of tickets apiece.'

'Do not any of the performers assist in these duties?'

'Not often, unless we happen to be short of hands. You see it's about enough work for them to tumble and ride. A performer has altogether near 5 hours muscular work every day (except Sunday, of course), and he don't feel much like hammering nails and lifting heavy posts and boards between times.'

'I suppose you live pretty well?'

'About the same as other people, only we can't smoke when traveling and can't drink anything stronger than a glass of ale now and then. It wouldn't do to be shaky in the least. Why, I knew a trapeze fellow once that used to do the 'leap for life' business. Well, one night he took just a cup of tea, without sugar or milk, before coming into the ring. He thought that it would steady his nerves and do him good, as he'd been kind of out of sorts. The time come for him to make his jump, and away he went. But his hand shook a little just at the wrong time, and down he came to the ground with an awful thump. The audience hollered, 'cause they thought he was dead. But he picked himself up and bowed and walked out just as cool as you ever see. But that cup of tea cost him two broken ribs, and he couldn't do anything for five months.'

'How large is your company?'

'We have fifteen performers and eighteen other men—thirty-three altogether. That's quite a large number; some circuses don't have more than twenty, and hardly one has more than twenty-five—that's about the highest.'

'I should like very much to see some of your horses.'

'I'll show you the best we've got—my own wait a moment.'

He went into the temporary stable at the back, and in a few moments returned with his horse. It was a dark bay, of fifteen hands, beautifully shaped, and with a kind of intelligent eye.

'There,' said Mr. Harrison, pointing to him with pride, 'I raised him myself from the time he was foaled; he's rising nine now, and just as good an animal as he ever was! He cost me \$300 at first, but I wouldn't take three thousand for him; no, nor three times that. 'Come here, Charley.'

The horse came up to him, and stood looking at me, with his head over his master's left shoulder.

'Is he a trick horse?'

'Yes, but I don't often use him for that. He can walk on his hind legs, and dance, and drink out of a bottle; but that's all ways empty. I usually do only 'the Arab and his dying steed; you've seen that I suppose?'

'Several times. How did you train him?'

'By kindness—that's the only way—to

be sure. Of course you can make any animal obey by leathering him enough; but then one time when you ain't looking out he'll play you an ugly trick—balk when you're jumping to let you tumble on the ground, or rear and fall backwards on you. They're cunning about that sort of thing. I've seen a splendidly educated horse come into the ring and just stand still, not on a single trick, and seem to enjoy seeing his owner hooted at.'

'Do you never punish him?'

'Certainly; but I always punish him for. When he's done wrong he knows it just as well as I do, and knows also that he must take the consequences. But I haven't lifted the whip against him for more than two years.'

'What is the method of educating animals?'

'Well, with different animals there's different ways. With horses and dogs, you show 'em first what you want done, and show 'em often enough for them to understand it. Then I lift them around and put them through the motions. After several times they find out what is wanted, and do it themselves. Then I reward them on the spot. It's all easy; you've only to keep your temper and be kind. Very often it is necessary, in the beginning, to flog an animal soundly, but that's to let him know who is master. Some horses learn very quickly, but that kind forget just as soon. I like best a slow horse, because he'll remember longer.'

'Have they good memories?'

'So, so. You can teach a horse for a year, and then if you turn him out to graze for a few months he'll forget he's learned except the simplest things and two or three words of command. These they will never forget. I think their minds are not big enough to hold much.'

'How do you dispose of them in winter?'

'Leave them to board somewhere in the country. I keep Charley over in Jersey, and go to see him every week to put him through his tricks. That keeps them fresh. You know during the winter we don't do anything but practice a little now and then, that is, unless we got an engagement in a city. I can make money enough any summer to live comfortably all the rest of the year. I get \$200 a week.'

'Must be rather an expensive business to start a circus.'

'It is that—takes from \$20,000 anywhere up as high as you like to go. And it's a risky business, too. A rain-storm will cut down the money one-half. There's lots of fellows been busted in the business, 'cause the expenses must go on just the same.'

'How do you manage about traveling?'

'We have two agents. One goes on ahead two weeks and makes arrangements for us; gets out the advertisements and sees the posters put up and that sort of thing. He engages rooms, hires the lot for the tent, and writes back telling us how we are to come and by what roads. Then the other agent goes ahead a day, and he sees that everything is ready for us and in good order, and if it is necessary, takes out the license. When we come along at night he meets us out of town and shows us the lot, and then we go to work.'

'Do you journey much at night?'

'Whenever we can. For, for instance, to-morrow we show at P., fifteen miles from here. To-night while we are performing the bands will get their supper and be ready to take down the tent before the people are all out of it. While they are doing this we will have something to eat. About 1 o'clock the tent will be packed up, the boxes ready, and we will start off to P.—. When there we go to bed. The hands will have to be up early to get the tent up and fix the seats, and after that they will go to sleep again. To-morrow night the same thing, and so on.'

'Is it not fatiguing?'

'Not very; at least I do not find it so. I get all the sleep I want, and as for night traveling, when one is accustomed to it he can't find it. I've been in a circus for a good many years, and it hasn't hurt me yet.'

'Apparently not; but you live such a temperate life.'

'A circus man wouldn't be worth shucks unless he's mighty careful. It's all very nice for Sunday-school books to say that we get drunk every night, but I'd like to know how long a man could perform if he drank a drop. Look at these teetotal fellows ruining their nerves with tea and coffee. Why we don't touch even those. But it's time for me to dress now. Are you coming this afternoon?'

'Certainly.'

I went, and threw to Orlando Henry Harrison the largest bouquet I could find.

There is a man out in Oregon who has a mule; a few days ago he was driving the animal across the prairie, when it suddenly stopped. The man left his wagon and attempted to induce that mule to move off, but without success. He beat it, he coaxed it, he threatened it, and he cursed it, but it refused to budge. He tied firecrackers to its tail and exploded them, but the mule merely turned its head in a languid sort of way, examined the fireworks, and calmly winked at the man. Then the man thought perhaps the mule had forgotten something and wanted to go back, so

he tried to turn him around; but the mule expressed a firm determination not to go home. The man became desperate, and thought he would build a fire under the mule; but as fast as he would kindle it, the mule, standing firm upon three legs, reached over with its other leg and kicked the flames out. Then he tore his hair and swore—the man did—and he rushed to the wagon and got twelve pounds of gunpowder, and he dug a hole under the mule and kept lighting it.

He stood off a little while he lit it. There was a rumble, a roar, then a terrific explosion; and, amid the cloud of dust and upheaved rocks, the mule was observed to fling its hind legs in the air, and to support itself upon its fore feet in that position until the blast was over, when it quickly assumed its old attitude, and a gentle smile passed over its features as it perceived its master lying down groaning, and cursing the day on which he was born. It was of no use. The man went home.











